PORTAGE SENTINEL.

"The Constitution—The Safeguard of our Federal Compact."—*James K. Polk.*

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Poetry.

Consolations for the Lonely.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die!
Where is that land, O where?
For I would hasten there.
Tell me—I fain would go;
For I am wearied with a heavy wo!
The beautiful have left me all alone!
The true, the tender, from my path have gone!
O guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair.
Where is it? Tell me where.

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow and pain and strife!
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hast trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out, for thee, the appointed wo;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for Him!
Think of the blood-like sweat,
With which his brow was wet—
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend; do not thou despair:
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer!

Miscellany.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

A BRIEF TALE OF AFFECTING INTEREST.

It was a tempestous evening in the dreary month of November, when a large party was assembled around a glowing fire in the hospitable mansion of Dr. D——, late resident physician to the Lunatic Asylum. Music and dancing were laid aside, and all eyes were bent in eager expectation on the doctor, who held in his hand a book containing several lovely portraits.

"Did you indeed know the original of this?" exclaimed one of the group, pointing to a beautiful girl, apparently about 18 years, splendidly attired in a robe of white satin, ornamented with pearls and orange flowers; "but how strange that black crape veil looks over that elegant wreath."

"Yes, my dear girl, I knew her well and her's, alas! is a sad, sad tale; and now I recollent it was twenty years ago this very day that I first became acquainted with her."

"Pray tell us how, dear Dr. D——," exclaimed half a dozen voices at once. And thus petitioned, he began:

"Well, then, it is just twenty years ago this very evening, that I was aroused from a gentle slumber, into which I had fallen in my easy chair, by the entrance of a servant with a note, which merely contained these words. "Dr. D—— is entreated to lose no time in hastening to the —— Inn, to meet a patient destined for the —— Asylum, but who is now too ill to continue her journey unless it be under his care."

"This Inn was about sixteen miles from my residence, situated on a dreary moor many miles in extent, to reach which I would have to traverse a most unfrequented road. It was therefore, in no very good humor that I proceeded to do the bidding of the unknown writer; for in his haste (the note had evidently been hurried) he had forgotten the signature. The rain was descending in torrents, and the wind howled fearfully; indeed, so terrific was the storm that at first my horses refused to brave it, but by dint of spurring and flogging we at last set off. Faster and faster fell the rain, higher and higher rose the tempest, yet still we journeyed on; when suddenly the progress of the carriage was arrested, and the postillion informed me that the lights were out and he could not see a step. What was to be done? To return was useless, especially as with the numerous cross roads by which our path would be intersected, it would scarcely be possible in the dark to take the right one; and there we were, on the borders of a wide common without a light or guide; and my servant totally ignorant of the country, having been in my service only a few weeks.

"You must trust to the horses," I exclaimed; "I remember I baited at this inn once, though it is now a long time since."

Slowly and step by step, we proceeded, now splashing through what were once mere rivulets, or at least but brawling brooks, but which the floods had swollen into torrents: then coming in contact with branches of trees which the blast had riven, for the storm still raged with unabated fury; and it must have been midnight when my servant descried a light in the distance.

"Make for it!" was my order; with what haste he could, he obeyed.

"The light, which was at first very faint, gradually became more distinct, and at last we discovered ourselves near a cottage which my recollection told me was about two miles from my destination. As we drew near, a sudden thought darted across my mind—had not dark tales of darker things reached me about this very dwelling? I would fain have passed on, but procure a light we must; there was now no help for it, and I bade my servant rouse the inmates. A few knocks, and a man's voice gruffly asked—

"Who's there?"

"Dr. ——," I replied, thinking it better at once to let them know who I was; "I am on my way to a patient, and if you will give my servant a light I shall be obliged to you, as my lamps are gone out."

A light was soon procured, and he bade us a surly "good night," but not before I had discovered the sturdy figures of two or three ill looking fellows peering through the half open door.—Great caution was necessary in crossing the heath, for even in the day time, it was dengerous to do so; and slowly we proceeded on our dreary way. Unwilling to alarm my servant, yet feeling how necessary it was for him to be on his guard, I was just about to bid him keep a good look out, when, amid the howling of the storm, I heard a faint whistle, and in a few seconds, I fancied it was returned. "Report, then, has not wronged these villains," I mentally exclaimed, and my first step was to tell the postillion to drive for his life; my next, to bethink me of some weapon of defence. I had none but a case of surgical instruments, which by mere chance, I happened to have about me; but what were these against well armed ruffians? At that instant, the horses were suddenly seized, the postillion knocked off, and two men presented themselves with loaded pistols at each door of the carriage. Resistance, I saw at a glance, would be useless—nay, madness; and I felt the necessity of obeying their command to deliver my purse, when the tramp of horses' feet was heard, and the sound of voices reached us; nearer and nearer they came; and my assailants, fearful (for conscience makes cowards of us all,) hurried off, and left me to the mercy of the new comers. Fortunately, they proved to be two persons sent from the inn to expedite my arrival, as from the delay, they feared that some accident had occurred, or that I had lost my way. Under their guidance, I soon reached the inn, and was met at the door, by a venerable old man, whose silvered looks floated in the cold night wind, and whose furrowed cheeks were coursed by many a tear.

"My child! oh! save my child!" broke from his trembling lips, and with a convulsive grasp, he seized my hand, and hurrying me into the house, threw open the door of a small room, where, reclining on a sofa, was a being as beautiful as thought. Her jet black tresses were scattered in rich profusion over the humble pillow which sustained her death like form; and though the pallor of death cast its marble hue over her countenance, nought could surpass its loveliness.

"Save, oh! save my child!" again and again groaned the old man, "and I will bless you: give me back my loved, my only one."

But there she lay motionless, apparently lifeless; and in answer to my queries, I learned that she had been in that state for nearly twelve hours. At first they thought that she had fainted, but, as the usual remedies had been resorted to without effect, it was deemed advisable that I should be sent for. An elderly female attendant, who replied to my questions, watched with great anxiety my countenance as I examined the pulse of my patient, and by a sign gave me to understand that she had something to communicate. An opportunity soon presented itself, and she informed me with great emotion that the mind of the young lady was affected.

"Yet he could not believe it," she said; and it is only through the solicitations of his friends, and at the urgent request of her medical attendants, that her father has consented to her removal from home. Every doctor in London of any skill has been consulted, and all say that the —— Asylum is the only place for her. It has cost my master many thousands, and I'm sure he would not mind as many more could Miss Lucy—I mean Mrs. Ventnor—recover.

"Mrs. Ventnor!" I exclaimed; "surely she is not married, so young, too, poor girl?"

"Yes, sir," said the old nurse, "she is very young, hardly nineteen; and she was not eighteen when she was married."

"How came this dreadful calamity to befall her?" I asked; "not ill treatment I hope!"

"Oh, no, doctor, for he loved the very ground she walked on; but he died suddenly the day they were married, and her brain has been turned ever since.

Here our conversation was interrupted by the frequent repetition of my name, and I hastened to return to the room which I quitted. It was the old man's voice which I heard, and I soon perceived the cause of the summons in the altered appearance of my patient. A slight flush tinged her cheek, and she sighed heavily; and though no ray of intelligence beamed from the half open eye, still any change was better than the lethergic state in which she had so long lain.

"She lives! she breathes!" exclaimed the doting father. "Lucy, my hope, my pride, the solace of my old age, speak to me, only one word, only one, to bless and cheer me!" and the old man sank upon his knees and sobbed like a child.

After a short interval I considered it advisable that the invalid should reach her resting place as soon as possible, and accordingly we commenced our journey homewards. Pitying the distress of Mr. Beverton, I requested him to become my guest for a few days, until he had, in some little measure, overcome his reluctance to leave his daughter with strangers. For the first few days Lucy lay in an unconscious state, heeding nothing, and seemingly ignorant of any change in the persons and things around her; but by degrees her accustomed wildness of manner returned, and on paying my usual morning visit, I one day found her arrayed exactly as described in this portrait, with cheek as hueless as the flowers that bound her hair. A white satin robe fell in massy folds around her perfect figure. It was her bridal dress; and yet, as if, even in her madness, a gleam of the sad truth had burst forth, she had thrown a widow's veil over her wreath of orange flowers.

"See, see!" she whispered, in a mysterious manner, "this is my wedding day, and this," extending her delicate finger on which she wore a plain wedding ring, "is his gift; my own Charles placed it there," and kissing it fondly she murmured, "we will never, never part. Is not this beautiful?" she continued drawing from her bosom a silken bag which contained a small piece of paper, from which she read in a slow sweet tone, the following lines:—

"There's not a word thy lip hath breath'd,
That is not shrined within my heart,
Like to a dream of heaven.
There's not a spot where we have met
A fav'rite flower or tree;
There's not a scene by thee belov'd,
That is not prized by me.
Whene'er I hear the linnet's song,
Or the blithe woodlark's lay,
Or mark upon the golden west,
The rosy clouds delay;
Whene'er I catch the breath of flowers,
Or music from the tree,
Thought wings her way to distant bowers
And memory clings to thee."

As she concluded these beautiful lines, rendered still more touching by her impassioned manner, she paused, and a shade of sadness flitted over her lovely face; then uttering a fearful shriek, which the lapse of years has not effaced from my recollection, she seized my arm and screamed forth in accents of terror.

"They shall not tear thee from me! I will cling to thee whilst I have life! Charles! Charles! do you hear me? 'Tis Lucy, thy own Lucy, who calls on thee and bids thee stay. See! see! they mock at my despair! fiends, devils, furies, all the powers of earth shall not wrest him from me! Father! father! father! help for God's sake, help!"

For hours after this sad scene, the unfortunate girl lay in the same state as when I first saw her. Vainly did I resort to every possible restorative, and I indeed feared that the bruised and wounded spirit had quitted its earthly abode; but it was not so. Slowly and sadly the long hours of that dreary night wore on, and the solemn stillness was broken by the sobs of the poor old man, watching with a parent's love for the slightest ray of hope; but as the gray dawn appeared, poor Lucy gave some signs of returning life, and at last she murmured forth some indistinct words. Having again successfully administered some further restoratives, I left her to the care of her nurse, enjoining perfect quietude, and promising to see her again in two hours. As I approached her chamber, the full, rich, mellow tones of a female voice burst upon my ear, now swelling to its fullest compass, now dying on my entranced senses with an unearthly sweetness. Oh! never had I heard so wild, so sweet a strain. The words—for as I drew near I could distinguish them—were these:—

"They bid me forget thee, they tell me that now
The grave damp is staining that beautiful brow;
But thy gay laugh returns in the silence of sleep,
And I start from my slumbers to listen and weep"

"Doctor, doctor," eagerly exclaimed the father as I gently opened the door, "there is hope—I see, I feel there is hope—for she weeps."

And so it was; her own sad sweet melody had opened the floodgates of her grief, and she wept long and violently; indeed, so unrestrained was her emotion, that I dreaded its effect on her delicate frame.

"Father! dear father!" she at last said, in a low, faint voice, come here, closer, yet closer. Where am I, father? not in my loved home? Father! dear father! tell me."

The old man struggled to repress his emotion (for I whispered: "Be calm, for God's sake be calm! any excitement might destroy her,") and said—

"You are with your friends, dearest; with those who love and cherish you; compose yourself, my own one. You have been ill, very ill; but the Almighty has heard my prayers, and restored you to me."

"Oh, father! I have had a fearful dream. I thought it was my bridal day, and leaning on your arm, I stood before the alter. Charles, too, was there, and when I gave him my hand, he was cold, icy cold, and when he should have spoken, his lips were motionless; and there, standing by his side, was a skeleton form, which wound his arms around him and bore him from me. Oh! so fearful was it that now, even now, I can scarcely doubt its dreadful reality."

At that moment her eye fell on her strange attire—the black veil falling in folds over her snowy dress, and the bridal token glittering on her finger—then, with a piercing shriek, which rose higher and higher till it ended in the yell of a maniac, she fell senseless in the out stretched arms of her father. Life was indeed extinct, and her pure spirit had taken its everlasting flight; the silver cord which had been nighly strung had snapped in twain, and the Widowed Bride lay motionless and dead.

Would that I had been spared the sight of that old man's grief; there he knelt, supporting the lifeless form of his only child. His whole frame shook with emotion, and the cold drops of agony burst forth from every pore.

"My child, my child!" at length he groaned; "my pride, my joy, the bright star of my existence, my beautiful, my true, would that I had died for thee, my child, my child!"

His voice grew fainter and fainter, his grasp grew less firm, and his eyes became fixed. I looked, he was dead! Yes, they who loved so well and truly in life, in death were not separated. They sleep together in the family vault in —— church, and this inscription alone marks her monument—"The Widowed Bride."

Oregon Letter.

"Independent Oregon Colony"—Soil Climate and Productions of Oregon—Politics—Hudson Bay Company—Dr. White—Daniel Webster—British Insolence—Protection of American Laws—Independent Government put down by Popular Vote—Military Posts—Monthly Mail—No Compromise on 49°—Whitney's Railroad.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 1, 1845.

To the Editors of the Ohio Union:

Having arrived at this enterprising city, from Oregon, via the Rockey Mountains, on my way to Washington City, and, knowing the lively interest the people of the West have ever manifested in the prosperity of the citizens of Oregon Territory, I beg leave to state that I went to that country in the spring of 1844, in the company of Gen. C. Gilliam, of Andrews co., Mo.—and am happy to inform the friends of those that emigrated that year, that the 'Independent Oregon Colony,' arrived safe—are well pleased with the climate, soil, and productions of Oregon;—and well they may be, for it has a mild, salubrious climate, an excellent soil, well timbered, and watered with fine rivers and excellent springs, free from bilious diseases and the fever and ague, and also from those pulmonary complaints which prevail in the Northern States—and in beauty and grandeur of scenery will bear a comparison with any portion of the globe, especially the Wallamette Valley.

But, do your numerous readers enquire, has it no *disadvantages*? I answer, yes, many, which, however, are of a *political nature*; and while the *'Independent Oregon Colony,'* with whom I travelled to the Wallamette Valley, wished me to express to their friends in the West, their hearty thanks for the lively interest they have manifested in bringing the question before Congress, they earnestly solicit of the people of the United States, that they would urge upon Congress, the ensuing winter, to *act* efficiently in their behalf, by extending the jurisdiction of the United States over the *whole of Oregon*. And permit me here to remark, that this is the unanimous expression of the citizens of Oregon, and the Legislature has sent a memorial to Congress, by Dr. E. White, who accompanies me, praying for the same; they feel the more solicitude on the subject, from the fact that during the last spring the Hudson's Bay Company were busily employed, in repairing Fort Vancouver, erected two bastions, and have mounted two pieces of cannon there; and Fort Hall is also being enlarged.

The Hudson Bay Company, who have a store at Oregon City, after receiving the Inaugural address of the President, declaring that 'our right to Oregon is clear and unquestionable,' refused to take wheat of the settlers for goods and to pay up their accounts, which gave rise to many suspicions and no little uneasiness among the settlers in the Valley, though all was quiet when I left Oregon City, which was on the 16th of August last.

Dr. McLaughlin, who is very corteous, intelligent and generous man, of great wealth, and chief factor of the H. B. Co., has possession of the sight of Oregon City, one mile square; Mr. Ermitinger, a trader in that Company, a mile square adjoining it, lying just above; David McLaughlin, a member of H. B. Co., another east of his father's, adjoining the claim embracing the city. I mention these facts, to let the people of the United States know that while it is advocated by such men as Daniel Webster, that we can *negotiate* with England in regard to the settlement of Oregon, by offering her *again* the parallel of 49° N. latitude as their northern boundary, that the H. B. Co. talk and *act* otherwise in Oregon.

That England will never give up one inch of land north of the Columbia, if she can help it, is very certain; and Dr McLaughlin last spring went so far as even to cause *a tree to be cut down which had the initials of an American citizen's name on it!* and threw it into the Columbia, and also a log cabin with it, because it was built on the *north side of the Columbia river*, near Fort Vancouver. But he has not been able to keep all off from the *north* side of that noble river, which is discovered to be, in connection with its fine tributaries, with the excellent land on their borders, and its proximity to Puget Sound, the most valuable position of Oregon. Several families from Andrew co., Mo., have located on the noth side, and are know by the name of 'Simson's Settlement.' But while the H. B. Co. use all means in their power to prevent the settlement of Americans on the N. of the Colambia, they do not hesitate to appropriate and possess every valuable town site on the *south side*, to the great detriment of American enterprise—such as Dr. Laughlin's great flouring mill at Oregon City—his ferry, which runs in opposition to Hugh Burns's, an honest and worthy mechanic, formerly of Platte City, Mo.—and Joseph McLaughlin's ferry (his son) on Yam Hill river—and his *forbidding* a road to be laid out by the Commissioners appointed by the Oregon Legislature, from Oregon City to to the Little Island Mills, owned by American citizens, and constructing his mill dam where said road was desired to be made, and exerting his influence, through his immense wealth, to control every election in the country.

But, sir, I am not surprised at Dr. McLaughlin's 'unbridled audacity,' for he remarked to me last March, that he was of the opinion that the most proper way to settle the Oregon question between the two governments was for the United States to yield to England all North of the Columbia, and take in lieu of the Harbor of Pugit Sound, San Francisco Bay, in California!. And this *opinion* of so amicable a settlement, I was informed, was the sentiments of Daniel Webster, Esq., and is surely worthy of the source from whence it emanated.

Such, sir, is the game which that *British American* has been playing into the hands of England, while holding some of the most responsible trusts in the nation. Such is the fact I am more fully convinced than ever on perusing his speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 14th ult., in which he says our 'government has proposed to the British government a straight line of division, the prarallel of 49 degrees, all north of which should be assigned to England, all *south* belong to America. While the English government did not *accede* to this proposition of our government, it did not insist upon any right to the whole of Oregon. Therefore the position of the question is that by the admission of both governments through this long series of years, is, that of a question for *discussion* and *negotiation* and *compromise* and *amicable settlement.*'—But, I have yet to learn that it is a sound policy in two great rival nation to attempt to settle a great national question by 'compromise;' have we not already seen how the 'compromise' diplomacy works! or will we never learn anything by experience till the best portion of the American domain is 'compromised' by such men as Webster and the editor of the *N. Y. Courier* into the hands of England! Far be it from me needlessly to say or do any thing to stir up the flame already kindled on this all important and exciting subject, but I well know that England *will not* easily relinquish her vain pretentions to all the land, timber, and water, north of the Columbia river, and as she has not the *'shadow of a claim'* and as Mr. Polk justly remarked, our title to the whole of Oregon, is 'clear and unquestionable,' our domain extending 'from sea to sea,' it becomes us as a nation to give Great Britain to understand that Americans *know* their rights, and are able to *defend them.* I have thus quoted the views of Webster in reference to the northern boundary of Oregon, and feel compelled to refute the statement of Dr. E. White, Sub-Agent of Indian affairs in Oregon, in an address delivered to the passengers on the evening of the 27th ult., on the steamboat *Bertrand*, who stated that 'the people of Oregon were in favor of having the Northern boundary on the parallel of 49°, if thereby the question could be *'negotiated'* with England,' to which I reply that there has been no expression of the people of Oregon in reference to the 49th°, although Peter M. Burnet, Esq., in addressing the people in Equality county last April, it being just before the election, told them that 'Congress had been talking about taking possession of Oregon for 30 years, and probably would for a *century* to come, and had finally settled down on the parallel of 49°, and that 'the Oregon boys' could improve upon the constitution of the United States, the Jefferson and Franklin were there to do it, and they would vote for an Independent Government,' but it so happened on the day of election, through the exertions of David Hill, Esq., Gen. Gillan and others, that the 'Republican party' voted the constitution for an Independent Government down! and Peter H. Burnett and his Hudson Bay coadjutors retired not a little chagrinned that there were enough in Oregon to 'carry the day' in yet looking to the United States as an ally, and respectfully asking the protection of the laws of their mother country.

'Again,' says Webster, 'there will exist at the mouth of the Columbia, or more probably farther *south*, a great Pacific republic. They will raise a standard for themselves, and *ought to do it.*' When? Oh! Echo answers When? 'But,' says the eloquent statesman, 'when fifty or a hundred thousand persons shall find themselves on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. But, I ask, in the mean time, what will become of 6000 American citizens, including their wives and little ones, whom the American government has encouraged to settle on our western frontier, 'to check the avarice and arrogance of Great Britain on the shores of the Pacific?' Are they to be left to the mercy and 'arrogance of Great Britain or any other foreign power, while cultivating the soil America claims as rightfully her own?'

No! Before that shall be done, let the wish of an intelligent lady of the Wallamette valley be realized, who after